WESTERN KANSAS WORLD

Yearly Subscription $2.00 | STOCK FARMING THE BASIS OF OUR INDUSTRIES. | Single Copy 5 Cents

ELEVENTH YEAR. | WA-KEENEY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1889 | NUMBER 23.

MEADOWS OF REST.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

I remember the beautiful meadows
And their sweet streams purling clear,
With flowers beaprent, where my young days were spent,
Where the birds their nurslings rear.
I was sheltered then in the dear home nest,
Where my feet turned oft to the meadows of rest.

I remember a grave in those meadows,
Where slumbered a laughing-eyed boy;
Death found him at play, he lured him away,
And with him went half our joy.
We r ided the turf that his feet had pressed,
And . ept his grave green in the meadows of rest.

I remember a silver-haired father,
Who walked by the river wave
To watch the reeds grow, or the sweet waters flow,
Or to muse by that little grave.
He has passed long ago to the home he loved best,
To the infinite peace of God's meadows of rest.

I wonder if green are those meadows,
If purling and clear are the streams,
If the moon shines as bright, if the stars give such light
As they did in my youth's happy dreams.
O, angels of destiny, heed my request:
Give me back, give me back my dear meadows of rest.

HIS DUTY: A TRUE STORY.

BY WILLIAM PENDLETON CHIPMAN.

Benny Waters got up at daylight that morning to build a fire and warm the room for his mother, who was not strong, and found the keen air of the early spring very trying in their rudely built cabin, a few miles out on the plains from the village. All the time he was about this labor of love he was thinking of the fortunate opening likely to be his that day.

He had been searching for something to do in the village, for matters were getting serious in their little home. The mother had been sick so long, and their expenses had been so heavy, that the little they had saved against a time of need was now completely gone. Next to nothing remained for them to live upon, and if possible he must find work of some kind to keep actual want from the door.

So for two or three days previous to this morning he had been looking for work, but without success. He was either too young or not strong enough, or they had no work for a boy, and he had become well nigh discouraged. The evening before, however, just as he was about to give up trying farther for that day, he stepped into the store of Field & Swinburn, hardware dealers, and asked if they needed a boy. He was shown into the office, where he found Mr. Swinburn alone.

That gentleman, after making some inquiries as to Bennie's age, and where he lived, said:

"Yes, we do need a boy, but Mr. Field is now out of town. You may come to-morrow morning, however, at 9 o'clock, and we will see what can be done for you. Mind, now, and be on time, as we shall hire the first boy that comes along."

"What wages would you be apt to pay?" Bennie ventured to ask.

"Oh! two or three dollars a week," answered Mr. Swinburne, carelessly. "It depends altogether on how well you work."

So Bennie built the fire, and buised himself in cooking the potatoes—all that they had for breakfast—happy at the prospect before him, and sure that he would do his best to earn the highest wages suggested. On that amount he felt confident his mother and himself could, with proper care, live comfortably until she was able to work again.

The breakfast—if a dish of potatoes can be called a breakfast—once ready, he went to the door of his mother's room and called her.

"Only think, mother," he exclaimed, as they sat down at the table, "I'm to have work to-day; and if I'm worth it I'm to have three dollars a week, and that'll be enough for us to live on."

Yes, indeed!" responded his mother; "but I fear you are too young to undertake so much; above all to take your long walk after each day's work."

"Oh! I can stand it easily enough, mother," he asserted, confidently.

When the little meal was finished he brought in several armfuls of wood, and arranged as far as possible for his mother's comfort throughout the day, and then put on his coat and started.

"Here is your scarf, Bennie," said his mother, calling him back, "it will be chilly as you walk home to-night, and you will need it."

He laughingly took it, not realizing then how it would be of special service to him a little later.

It was not yet 8 o'clock, and he had ample time to reach the village before the appointed hour. The most direct way was down the railroad track, and he hurriedly tripped over the ties, as happy as a boy could well be.

Within a mile of the village the track made a sharp turn to the right, and entered what was known as Hemway's cut, where the road-bed had been blasted through solid rock for a number of rods. As Bennie reached the curve, he, as a precaution, glanced back along the track to be sure the 8:45 passenger train was nowhere in sight, and then entered the cutaway. When about half way through, however, he suddenly stopped, for in front of him lay a large boulder, which had fallen from the cliff above, and completely blocked the passage.

But it was possible to clamber over it, and Bennie began to do so, then he as quickly got down again. The thought had come to him that the train, number 27, coming around the curve at full speed, would not have time to come to a stop before reaching the obstruction, and a smashup, more or less terrible in its results, was inevitable unless some one gave the warning.

But if he waited to warn the train of its danger he could not reach the village at the appointed hour, and might lose the place. Indeed, Mr. Swinebnrne had distinctly said if he was not there on time they should hire some other boy.

There was not time enough to go on to the village and have some one sent to flag the train. At least it would be a tremendous risk to do so.

The first house back up the track was a full mile away, and to go there and leave word to stop the train would also make him late at the store.

Then came his great temptation. Might he not slip across the fields unobserved to the road and reach the village in that way? then no one would ever know he had discovered the rock, and could not blame him. Thus would he arrive at the village in ample time for his engagement.

For a moment he hesitated; more than this, he actually left the cutaway and went a short distance up over the cliff towards the highway. Then he came back to the track, and with quivering lips sat down. He knew it was his duty, whatever the personal sacrifice, to stay there and warn the train.

As if to test the strength of his determination to the full, a sense of their absolute need now came home to him as it never had before. It frightened him. Starvation stared them in the face. There was only enough food in the house to last a day or two longer. He must have work at once, or he must beg.

He shrank from the thought with a shudder. But if he lost this place, and could not get another, he might be forced to do that for his mother's sake. She must not suffer for want of food.

"I can't leave her," he resolutely said, "even if I do not get work and we have to beg."

The train was late that morning, and for nearly an hour he sat there. He knew it must be already 9 o'clock, and he wondered if some other boy had been hired to fill the place he had only an hour before been so sure of. In spite of himself the great tears would come to his eyes.

The low rumbling of the train at last roused him from the despair into which he was fast falling. Springing to his feet, he exclaimed:

"I wish I had a red flag, an' I'd stop the train easy enough."

Then his eye fell on his scarf; it was large and of a bright red color. The next moment he had cut a long stick and stretched his scarf to its widest capacity over one end, forming a wide flag. He now hurried down the track toward the coming train, moving the scarf to and fro as he had often seen the flagmen do.

On came the train; now it was near enough for the engineer to plainly see him; the next instant a prolonged whistle, which Bennie knew meant down brakes, rang on the air, and he jumped from the track.

The cars shot by him, but came to a stand-still near the curve. The engineer sprang from his cab asking:

"Well, my boy, what is it?"

"Just step around the curve and you'll see for yourself," answered Bennie.

The engineer, fireman, conductor and a crowd of passengers hurried into the cutaway, and a moment later stood by the boulder.

"It is a big morning's work you have done, my lad," the conductor at length said; "had we come round that curve and stove full force into that rock there would have been terrible work here. How came you to discover it?"

So Bennie briefly told his story:

"I was going to work for Field & Swinburne down at Scottsville this morning at 9 o'clock, and left our cabin back here a couple of miles to go there. When I got here I saw the rock, and knew I ought to stay to give you warning. Though I s'pose I have lost my place by it," he added, regretfully.

"How is that?" asked a tall, finely-dressed gentleman standing by.

"Why, Mr. Swinburne said I was to be there on time," answered Bennie, "or else they should hire some other boy."

The conductor now decided that with enough men and the proper tools the obstruction could be removed in an hour or two at the farthest, and dispatched a messenger to the village for them. He also advised the passengers to return to the cars and make themselves as comfortable as possible during the delay.

Then a gentleman spoke up enthusiastically:

"Let us make a purse for the lad. Here are five dollars toward it."

A hat was passed among the passengers, and a few minutes later the gentleman announced:

"We have got a hunded dollars. Now where is the boy?"

He could not be found, but a brakeman finally said:

"I saw him go off toward the village with the man the conductor sent down there."

"He'll be back this way by and by, likely as not," said the conductor; "if not, it can be left at the Scottsville depot for him."

It was true Bennie had hastened off to the village, hoping yet he might reach the store before some one else was engaged. But in this he was disappointed. For as he entered Mr. Swineburne's office, that gentleman looked up at him and curtly said:

"You are too late, sir; I engaged another lad half an hour ago. Learn next time to be punctual at the appointed hour."

Poor Bennie! Without offering a word of explanation he left the store and hurried off home. He had no heart to look else for work that day at least. He knew he had done right—that his mother would approve of his course—still he could not get over the great disappointment that had come to him. What in the world should they now do for bread?

As he reached the cutaway he found the men busy blasting the boulder to pieces, and paused to watch them. While he stood there the conductor caught sight of him.

"Look here, youngster," he said, "aren't you the boy that stopped the train?"

"Yes, sir!" promptly responded Bennie.

"Well," he went on, "there's a gentleman up at the cars that wishes to see you."

Wondering what could be wanted of him, Bennie went up to the train, clambered into the parlor car and asked:

"Is there a man here who wishes to see me?"

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed a gentleman, dropping his paper, and springing to his feet. "We all want to see you. We want to thank you for your unselfish conduct this morning, and give you this roll of bills as a token of our appreciation of your act," and he handed Bennie the money.

"I didn't expect nothing," said Bennie, modestly, and ungrammatically. "I didn't just like to see the train busted up."

"We can well afford to give this money to you," replied the gentleman, kindly, "for some of us would have doubtless lost our lives but for you; and had the overturned cars taken fire in that cut, none of us could have escaped."

With joyful heart Bennie now hastened home. Nor was his joy any less when his mother, after listening to his story, said:

"I had rather a son of mine should do his duty, even if it forced us to beg, than to have secured the best position in the world by a dishonorable act."

But the good flowing forth from Bennie's unselfish act did not end here. The very next morning, as he was cutting wood at the door, a gentleman rode up and asked:

"Are you Mr. Bennie Waters?"

"Yes, sir!" replied the astonished boy.

"Well, here's a letter I was asked to leave here," said the man, handing it to him.

It bore the heading of Field & Swinburne, and read:

"SCOTTSVILLE, KY., March 2, 1887.

"*Mr. Bennie Waters:*

"DEAR SIR—Mr. Field, of our firm, was upon the train you so bravely warned of its danger yesterday, regardless of your own loss. We have decided that we have got a place in our store for a boy like you, and we will furnish your mother a tenement in the village, rent free, and allow you at first five dollars a week. I trust you will be magnanimous enough to overlook my unpardonable curtness of yesterday, for had you explained the cause of your delay we should have hired you then and there. At your earliest convenience let us know your decision. Respectfully yours,

"GEO. A. SWINBURNE.

"Firm of Field & Swinburne."

Bennie and his mother have already moved into their comfortable home at the village, and he is busily at work in the store. He studies hard evenings, and hopes to thoroughly master the business he has entered. He says:

"I just did that morning what I knew was my duty, and all came out right in the end."

So will it always.

Across the Ocean in Three Days.

There is promise of a more rapid increase in the future in the average speed of steamships than has been accomplished in the past. Until within a few years the progress in that direction had been slow. Now rapid strides are being made. Ten years ago 16 knots an hour was rapid speed. But a new boat just built by the Herreshoffs makes an average of twenty-three knots an hour. The English are building war vessels to run twenty-two knots and one is projected for twenty-four knots. That would be about twenty-seven geographical miles, which equals the average rate of speed of ordinary express railway trains in this country.

Ship-builders think that this speed will be doubled in the future. Two things are necessary for this purpose—one is lighter material with which to build vessels and the other is a motive power that will not require so much room. Both of these objects are in a fair way to be attained.

For a long time inventors have been at work to discover a cheap process to manufacture aluminum. This metal is one-third lighter than iron and very much stronger. It will not rust. It is found in abundance all over this country, being the characteristic part of common clay. Some progress has been made towards the solution of this problem, and as soon as it is solved aluminum will take the place of steel for steamships. Being one-third lighter an immense gain will be made. As to the motive power that is likely to be electricity.

When these two things are accomplished we shall be able to cross the ocean in three days. It does not seem in the least improbably that the present generation may live to see that wonderful speed accomplished on the ocean. This is an age of progress.—*New York News.*

Squelched.

A new member of Congress for one of the rural districts of Pennsylvania was ambitious to distinguish himself by his oratory, and accordingly watched for a favorable opportunity.

At length an occasion presented itself. A motion was made in the House for enforcing the execution of some statute; whereupon the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows:

"Mr. Speaker—Have we laws or have we not laws? If we have not laws, and they are not observed, to what end are those laws made?"

So saying, he sat down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence.

Instantly Cox, the clown of the House, with a twinkle in his eye, rose and delivered his thoughts in these words:

"Mr. Speaker—Did the honorable gentleman who spoke last speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"

That particular orator never troubled the House again.—*Pick Me Up.*

EXTREMES meet in almost everything; it is hard to tell whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the plowman at the bottom, labors hardest.—*Terence.*

IT IS NEUROKINESIS.

That is the Disease Which Troubles Our War Veterans Now.

Commander A. H. Spierre got into a moralizing mood when a reporter asked him for a story apropos to Memorial Day. He usually has a stock of reminiscences on hand on such occasions. This time, however, he had none forthcoming.

"Do you know," he said, with a somewhat melancholy smile, "that I doubt whether the public really comprehend what the war meant to us who are now called veterans. Apart from the narrow escapes we had from death by shot and sabre, the hardships forced upon us in camp life and while on march to the battlefield, to say nothing of the prison experiences, were so severe that I am not exaggerating when I say that they shortened our lives by many years. Now the Grand Army boys are growing old, the effects of these campaign vicissitudes are beginning to be felt in various unpleasant forms.

"I assure you there is nothing to laugh at in the ailments which the veterans find coming upon them," he added, earnestly. "They are the natural and painful results of the exposure to which the soldiers were subjected while fighting for the preservation of the Union. No, the majority of people do not understand the realities of the case, for the simple reason that they neither saw nor participated in the struggle which cost so many lives and involved such awful suffering to the hosts of brave fellows who left their homes and friends to defend their country's best interests."

Speaking on this very subject, Dr. Horace P. Porter, surgeon of the Tenth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, says: "The life of our soldiers of the late war was one continuous hardship to the nervous system. It was charterized by continuous discomfort to the body in general and the nervous system in particular.

"The wear and tear of the soldier's organism was never compensated for (and under the circumstances of war never could have been) by adequate rest and refreshment.

"The common nervous troubles of old soldiers are the legitimate sequelæ of the degradation of the nerve structure that had its origin in the neurokinesis of battle, in the tiresome watches of sleepless nights, in the exposures to thermal extremes in the ever-varying vicissitudes of climate. They came of malarial saturation; they wore born in psison pens, while infinite mercy slept."

It will probably console Commander Spierre and Albany's G. A. R. generally to know that the troubles of which the brave old vets find good cause to complain has such a name as neurokinesis. —*New York World.*

Washington Belles in Tights.

Society here is all agog over an entertainment which, for originality and daring conception, takes precedence of the Waterbury circus. This is a minstrel show gotten up by a dozen young ladies of the ultra fashionable set in Washington, who, if reports are true, were to have appeared clad in elongated silken hose and full short-skirts of tulle. At the close of the minstrel performance an exhibition of ballet dancing was to have been given at one of the large houses in the West End, and had progressed almost to a successful culmination when the parents of the young people took the matter in hand and put a quietus on it. It was then decided, after an animated meeting to give the entertainment as previously announced, with the exception that the list of invited should be exclusively confined to ladies. Subsequently, this plan also was changed, and it is understood that, instead of burnt cork and gauze, the accessories used will be magnesia and cotton. Since the young ladies will pose as statuary instead of giving the wickedly attractive ballet it will not be found necessary to exclude the male element from the latter entertainment, as in the former case the stern parents had decided should be done.—*Washington letter.*

As to Office Seeking.

If a man wants a job on the *Sun*, or any where else, he asks for it. He would be a fool to expect that the employment should come to him, seek him in a crowd, and pick him out by some subtle intuition of his own merit. We take it that employment by the United States is not essentially different in its conditions. To get it, to have any chance of getting it, you must ask for it. There is nothing offensive or eccentric in a man asking for work as a bricklayer or carpenter. Unless we are willing to be the dupes of financial fools, let us not delude ourselves with the delusion that there is anything ridiculous, unless the seeker is incompetent, in asking for public office.

If a public office is honorable, every seeker for it is following an honorable ambition, and striving for an honorable career. If office seeking is absurd, disgraceful, to be deprecated, then government by the people deserves the same adjectives. It is the self-evident right of every American citizen to seek office. People who think it isn't are the dupes of their own vanity and conceit, or their silly trust in the humbug notions of others.—*New York Sun.*

Josh Billings'; Philosophy.

Fear and courage both seem tew be constitutional, for we often see the ignorant the most courageous, and the most wize the most timid.

About the best thing that extreme old age kan do for us iz tew make death a relief.

Phools are alwus a wishing for sumthing.

Envy iz just az natral tew the heart ov man az blood iz tew his boddy.

When a doktor looks me square in the face, and kant see no money in me, then i am happy.

He who will flatter another will rob him, if he gits a good chance.

There might possibly be sum advantage in entering a convent, if we could escape from ourselfs; but go whare we will, we have tew keep company with one, who iz able tew do us more hurt than enny boddy else.

The meanest kind ov a loafer iz he who iz willing tew be abuzed by every one, for the privilege ov abuzing others.

If it iz really a blessing tew die, it must hav been a curse to be born.

We kant have a better evidence ov the perversity ov human natur than the fakt that we arrive at wisdom thru our adversity, instead ov thru our reazon.

A wize man never dispairs when hope gives out, then cums resignashun.

The best way i kno ov tew repent ov enny thing, iz tew do better next time.

Pashion alwus lowers a grate man, but sumtimes elevates a little one.

There iz nothing more bekuming to enny man than humility, yet it iz about the last thing he thinks ov.

Too mutch reading, and tew little thinking, haz the same effekt on a man's mind that too much eating and too little exercize haz on hiz boddy.

The highest rate ov interest that we pay iz on borrowed trouble. Things that are alwus a going tew happen never do happen.—*New York Weekly.*

The Decrease in Drunkenness.

In 1840 the total consumption of distilled spirits in the United States per capita of population was 2.52 gallons; in 1888 the consumption had fallen off to 1.23 gallons per capita—a reduction in consumption of a little more than one-half.

This reduction has gradually been brought about by a great and beneficial change in the drinking habits of the nation. Instead of spirits, wine and beer are drank. In 1840 the consumption of wine per capita was only half what it is now, and the consumption of beer per capita was less than one-third of the present consumption. Drunkenness has fallen off with the decreased potency of our drinks.

It is impossible to put a stop to drinking except by the repression of an appetite that is universal. As the appetite can not be destroyed, the wisest friends of temperance are glad to promote the change from spirits to less heady potations. It is one of the most lamentable effects of prohibition that it compels a return to the use of whisky and other distilled liquors which are more readily portable, more easily concealed, and better adapted to furtive and unlawful traffic.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A GERMAN medical journal reports the case of an infant, of healthy parentage, that developed symptoms of tuberculosis by drawing its nourishment from a wet nurse who was suffering from consumption of the lungs. This, though the first, *carefully recorded* case of the kind is probably but one of thousands that have occurred. Human beings have become tuberculous from drinking milk of diseased cows, and the analagous method of infection by wet nursing should be guarded against.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*